THE

OLD MAN,

HIS SON, AND THE ASS:

A FABULOUS TALE,

IN VERSE.

BY WILLIAM ORME.

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

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Old Man, his Son, and the Ass:

A FABULOUS TALE.

IN a snug little cot, at some distance from
town,
By the side of a heath, liv'd honest John
Brown;
Having lost his poor wife, of five children
bereft,
He was main fond of Dicky, the only one
left;
A female he kept, but e'en this was no
shame,
For a poor beast she was, and Donkina her
name.

This trio to market one morning set out,

And to call on a friend took a circuitous rout:

Says John to his Son, "Let us go through "the wood,

"Such a fine day as this is, the road will be good."

Old John led the Ass, and the Boy walk'd aside,

Too careful of Donkey for either to ride.

They

Walkermark
1814

They met with a Farmer, who jeeringly
stopt,
While the following sage and grave com-
ments he dropt:
" By the hand of my body, it seems plain
" to me,
" That the Ass is the wisest, good folks, of
" you three.
" Let the Boy mount, or you, for there
" can be no danger—
" You wou'd not be thought like the Dog
" in the Manger?"

Quite willing to please, on the Ass plac'd his Son,

And trudging along, ambled happy Old John.

" You idle young rogue," cried the next Man they met,

" Wou'd you let your old father jog on in " the wet!

" You're young, and quite able to run by " his side,

" Then, for shame! pray get down, and " let old Daddy ride."

Then,

Then, John he chang'd places, and set
Dicky down,
And jolted along to the next market-
town.
A Milkmaid o'ertook them, and thus she
began :—
" It's shameful it is—you don't act like a
" man—
" To let the Boy run, 'till he's quite out
" of breath,
" It's really enough to occasion his
" death."

He

He took Dicky behind, and set off pretty
fast,
And how to please all thought he'd hit on
at last.
On passing the turnpike, a Stranger in-
quired—
" Is that beast your own ?—no, it surely is
" hired.
" You're come, my two friends, to a fine
" idle pass ;
" I'm sure you're both able to carry the
" Ass !"

How

How to act at a loss was poor John ; " and,"
says he,
" There's no other way left, at least, that
" I see."
To carry the beast was not easy, you'll
say ;
But, thinking a moment, John hit on a
way:
With legs tied together, and a pole placed
between,
They carried the Ass in a way seldom
seen.

A crowd

A crowd soon collecting, increas'd more and more,
When this side the town they'd a bridge to go o'er;
John thought he'd tried all ways, they'd now be content,
But not minding exactly the way that he went,
A false step he made, to his sorrow soon found,
Poor Donkey fell over the bridge, and was drown'd!

MORAL.

" I'll now return home," cried the Farmer, poor elf!
" I've nobody pleas'd, and am least pleas'd myself.
" The loss of my Ass I must ever lament,
" With the knowledge I've bought I must now be content.
" To please all the world was my wish, I must own;
" But too hard was the task, as the Fable has shewn."

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